How anſwer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeue we muſt leaue the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay, wee will do no harme with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild indeed: and for the more better aſſurance, tell them that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottome* the Weauer; this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well, we will haue ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight & eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelfe, to bring in (God ſhield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde fowle then your Lyon liuing: and we ought to looke to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue muſt tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and halfe his face muſt be ſeene through the Lyons necke, and hee himſelfe muſt ſpeake through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame deffect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would entreat you not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hether as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, *I* am no ſuch thing, *I* am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the ioyner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine that night we play our play?

Bot.

Bottom. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-ſhine, finde out Mooneſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leaue a caſement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. I, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns, & a lanthorne, and ſay he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent the perſon of Moone-ſhine. Then there is another thing, we muſt haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (ſaies the ſtory) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can neuer bring in a wall. What ſay you *Bottome*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall, and let him haue ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough caſt about him, to ſignifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, ſhall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit downe euery mothers ſonne, and rehearſe your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you haue ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that Brake, and ſo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-ſpuns haue we ſwaggring here,
So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?
What, a play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An actor too perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speake *Piramus*, *Thisby* ſtand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious ſauors ſweete.

Quin. Odours, odorous.

Pir. Odours ſauors ſweete,
So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby* deare.
But harke, a voyce: ſtay thou but heere a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit.*

Quin. A ſtranger *Piramus* then ere plaid here.

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeake now?